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## WOODVILLE REPUBLICAN,

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BY W. C. HUNNEY.

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TERMS.

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## POETICAL.

### I'm of that Band that Till the Land.

I'm of the band that till the land  
And draw from earth her store,  
Right happy indeed the life we lead,  
While our days are passing o'er.  
Many there are, in riches, far  
Surpassing the farmer's purse,  
Whist their pursuits may yield more fruits,  
Yet often produce much worse.  
We envy not the statesman's lot,  
Still clamoring for a class,  
Nor his that fights for glory's rights,  
At some redoubled pass.  
No risk have we on boisterous seas,  
No fears lest tempest whelm  
All we possess without redress,  
While laboring at the helm.  
The fruitful field its bounties yield,  
A rich reward for toil,  
Be ours the trade to ply the spade,  
And deeply plough the soil.  
We walk abroad o'er carpet sod  
And flowers kiss our feet,  
Whose odors rise to scent the skies—  
A tribute pure and meet.  
To all we give the means to live,  
As brother shares with brother,  
And thus, fulfill the holy will,  
That bids us love each other.  
Oh! life secure from guile, and pure,  
To thee my life clings ever,  
With all its might and fond delight,  
To change from thee, no never.

### The Bachelor.

A bachelor sat by his blazing grate,  
And he fell into a snooze,  
And he dreamed that o'er his wrinkled pate  
Had been thrown the nuptial noose.  
And a rosy boy came to his side  
And bounded on his knee,  
And back from his beaming face he shook  
Fair curls in childish glee.  
Then clear rang out his merry voice  
He shouted loud "Papa,  
I don't love any body else  
But you and dear mamma!"  
Of the father's heart o'er ran with joy,  
So long by love unit,  
And from its unseen depths poured out  
Affection infinite.  
Outstretched arms of strength unshorn,  
He hugged the old house cat,  
Which as 'twas wont when master slept,  
Had leaped upon his lap.

### DEACON SMITH'S BULL.

#### MIKE FINK IN A TIGHT PLACE.

Mike Fink, a notorious Buckeye hunter, was contemporary with the celebrated Davy Crockett, and his equal in all things pertaining to human prowess. It was even said that the animals in his neighborhood knew the crack of his rifle, and would take to their secret hiding places on the first intimation that Mike was about. Yet strange, though true, he was but little known beyond his immediate settlement.

When we knew him, he was an old man, the blasts of seventy winters had silvered o'er his head and taken the elasticity from his limbs; yet in the whole of his life was Mike never worsted, except upon one occasion. To use his own language, he never "gin in, used up, to any thing that travelled on two legs or four, but once."

"That once we want," said Bill Slasher, as some dozen of us sat in the bar room of the old settlement tavern.

"Gin it to us, now, Mike, you've promised long enough; and you're old now, and need no care," continued Bill.

"Right, right! Bill," said Mike, "but we will open with a *Licker* all round first; it will kind to save my feelings, I reckon."

"That, that's good. Better than t'other licker, if anything."

"Well, boys," commenced Mike, "you may talk of your scrimmages, tight places, and such like, and abstract 'em all together, in one mighty big 'un, and they haint no more to be compared to the one I war in, than a dead kitten to an old she cat. I've foot all kinds of varmints from an injin down to a rattlesnake; and never was within a foot of a fust, but this once—and 'twas with a Bull!"

"You see, boys, 'twas an awful hot day in August, and I war nigh runnin' off into pure fire, when I war thinkin' that a dip in the creek would save me. Well, there war a mouthty nice place in old deacon Smith's meadow for that partic'lar business. I just hauled the old red shirt over my head, and war thinkin' how scrumptious a feller of my size would feel a waller in round in that ar water, and war jist 'bout gon' in when I heerd the old deacon's bull a makin' a Blime to whar I stood."

"I know'd the old criss, for he'd skinned more persons than all the persons of the settlement, and curn mighty near kill a few. Finkins I, Mike, you're in rather a tight place—get your fixens on, or he'll be a drivin' their big horns o' his in yer bowels afore

no time! Well, you must try the old vamin' naked, I reckon."

"The bull war on one side o' the creek and I on t'other, and the way he made the sue fly for a time, as if he war diggin' o' my grave, war distressin'!"

"Come on, ye bellerin' old heathen, said I, and don't be a standin' thar, for as the old deacon says o' the devil, yer ar comin' to look on."

"This kind o' reached his understanding, and made him more wishons, for he hoofed a little like, and made a drive. And as I don't like to stand in any body's way, I gin him a plenty of sea room, so he kum o' passed by me, and come on t'other side; and as the Captain o' the Mud Swamp Rangers would say, 'bout face, for nuther charge."

"Though I thought I war ready for him this time, he cum mighty near runnin' foul o' me. So I made up my mind the next time he went he would go alone. So when he passed, I grabbed his tail and he drug me out on the side, and as soon as we war both ar top o' the bank, he stopp'd and war 'bout comin' round agin, when I began pullin' t'other way."

"I reckon this kind o' riled him, for he fust stood stock still, and looked at me, and then commenced pawin' and bellerin' and the way he made his hind germs fly in the air war beautiful."

"But it war at no use, he couldnt *tetch* me, so he kind o' stopp'd, to get wmd for something devilish, as I *judged* by the way he started! By this time I had made up my mind to stick to his tail as long as it stuck to his back bone! I didn't like to holter for help, nuther, kase it war agin my principle, and the deacon had preachin' at his house, and I warnt far off, nuther."

"I know'd if he hear'd the noise the hull congregation would cum down, and as I war a married man, and had a kind o' hankerin' arter a gal, that war thar, I didn't feel as if I would like to be seed in that ar predicament."

"So, see I, you old sarpint, do you easesed! and so he did, for he drug me over every briar and every stump in the field, 'til I war a sweatin' and a biceidin' like a fat bar with a pack o' hounds at his feet. And my name ain't Mike Fink, it the old critter's tail and I didn't blow out sometimes at a dead level with the varmint's back!"

"So you may kalkulate we made good time. Bimeby he stacken'd a little, and I had him for a time, for I jist dropped behind a stump, and that snubbed the critter! Now see I, you'r root up this 'ere white oak, un-jist yer tail, or jist hold on a bit 'til I can blow."

"Well, while I war settin' thar, an idea struck me that I had better be a gettin' out o' this, some way or other. But *how*, adzackly, was the pint! If I let go and run, he'd be a fust o' me sure!"

"So lookin' at the matter in all its bearings, I cum to the conclusion that I'd better let somebody know whar I war. So I gin a scream louder than a locomotive whistle—and it warnt long afore I seed the deacon's two dogs cum down like as if they war secin' which could get thar fust."

"I know'd who they war arter—they'd jine the bull agin me, I war sartin, for they war awful venomous, and had a spite agin me."

"So, see I, old brindle, as ridin' as cheap as walkin' on this route, if you've no objections, I'll jist take a deck passage on that ar back o' your'n. So I wasn't long gettin' ar back o' him; then if you'd been thar you'd 'ave sworn thar warnt nothin' human in that ar mix! The side flew so awful as the critter and I rolled round the field—one dog on one side and one on t'other, tryin' for to kerch my feet!"

"I pray'd a cuss'd, and cuss'd and pray'd until I couldnt tell which I did last—and neither warnt of no use, they war so awful mixed up."

"I guess I rid about an hour this way, when brindle thought it war time to stop to take in a supply o' wind and cool off a bit. So when we got 'round to a tree that stood thar, he nat'ally halted."

"Now, see I, old boy, you loose one passenger sartin. So I jist come upon a branch, kalkelatun to roset thar 'til I starved, afore I'd be 'round in that ar way, any longer."

"I war a makin' tracks for the top of the tree, when I hear'd somethin' a makin' an awful buzz over head. I kinder looked up, and if thar warnt—well, thar's no use o' swarin' now—but it war the biggest hornet's nest ever built!"

"You'll gin in now I reckon, Mike, ease thar's no help for you! But an idee struck me, then, that I'd stand a heap better chance a ridin' brindle, than whar I war. See I, old feller, if you hold on, I'll ride to the next station, any how, let thar be whar it may."

"So I jist dapp'd aboard him agin, and looked aloft to see whar I'd gained in exchange quarters, and gentlemen! I'm a lar if thar warnt a nigh half a bushel o' the stingin' varmints ready to pich into me when the word go war gin."

"I reckon they got it, for all hands started for our company! Some on 'em hit the dogs, about a quart struck me, and the rest charged brindle."

"This time the dogs lead off fust, dead bent for the old deacon's—and as soon as brindle and I got under way we follow'd. As I war a deck passenger, and had nothin' to do with steerin' the craft, I swore if I had, we shouldnt 'ave run that channel, any how!"

"But, as I said afore, the dogs took the lead, brindle and I next, and the hornets

and cum out. I seed him hold up his hand and turn white! I reckon he war prayin' then, for he didn't expect to be cum for so soon,—and it warnt long, nuther, afore the hull congregation, men, women and children, cum out, and then every one went to cryin'."

"None o' 'em had the fust notion that me and brindle belonged to this year! I jist turned my head and pass'd by the congregation: I seed the run would be up soon, for brindle couldnt turn an inch from the fence that stood dead ahead."

"Well, we reached that fence, and I went ashore, over the old critter's head, landin' on t'other side, and thar thar stood. It warnt long afore some o' 'em war nigh skeeped, some around to see whar I war! for a war sartin that brindle and I belonged together! But when brindle walked off by himself, they seed how it war, and one o' 'em said, 'Mike Fink has got the wust of the scrimmage once in his life.'"

"Gentlemen, from that day I dropped the courtn bizzness, and never spoke to a gal since; and when my last hunt is up on this year, there won't be any more Finkins!—and its all owing to deacon Smith's brindle bull!"

### ADULTERATIONS IN FLOUR.

The London Lancet has done British public some service by pointing out the adulterations in flour and other things used for domestic purposes. About mustard it says, "out of 42 samples purchased indiscriminately, the whole were adulterated with immense quantities of wheaten flour, highly colored with turmeric, the specimens in tinfoil packages, and labelled 'Fine Durham mustard,' or 'double superfine,' containing with the exception of much husk, scarcely anything else."

In connection with bread and flour, the conclusion arrived at was unexpected. Out of 41 samples of wheat flour (including several of French and American) purchased in all quarters of the metropolis, not a single instance was detected of admixture with any other farina, or of the presence of spurious matters of any kind. It is admitted, therefore, that millers and corn-dealers are somewhat maligned. As respects bread, however, the results were not so favorable. Although its adulteration with alum is an offence liable to penalty of £20, this material was found in every one of the samples examined, the object for which it is used being to give bread the white appearance of the best, and to enable the bread made from it to retain a larger proportion of water, so as to gain in weight. The number of samples was 21, and in 10 of these the quantity was very considerable."

**FISH IN THE RIVER.**—All along up the coast, vast quantities of dead fish are seen floating on the surface of the water. They are of the cat and buffalo species. They are seen to emerge from the river, to make a feeble wiggle, then disappear, shortly to rise swollen and dead, after which they float on the surface, filthy and stinking objects. At the towns on the river, the authorities have been compelled to employ persons to remove the dead fish, so offensive have they become. As this disease appears to be confined entirely to the cat and buffalo, we see no reason why the lovers of good fish should feel much concerned by this extensive mortality,—for a more indigestible, unsavory food we are not acquainted with, than the flesh of these fish. The disease, fortunately, does not extend to the shrimps, the only edible in the Mississippi. They are remarkably fine and fat, and make an excellent salad. What is the cause of this mortality among the buffaloes and cats? Some think that the cholera has extended to the piscine race,—others, that they die in the bayous, and float out; but the most probable reason is the sudden rise in the river, and the great quantity of mud which has been brought down from the upper tributaries. Those errand shad that wandered into the Mississippi about the time of the crevasse, must have a pretty hard time of it traveling up stream against such a torrent of half mud and half water. They will have to chace off into the first clear stream that presents itself.

**A JUVENILE TRADER.**—Two little rascals—two of those horrid little urchins that seem to grow up out of the pavements of Paris—met the other day on the Boulevard.

"Oh!" said one, "what a pretty cap you have!"

"True," answered the other, "it is pretty; I bought it in that store below at the corner—I give my custom here."

"And how much did you pay for it?"

"Don't know—I bought it whilst the store keeper was asleep."

**The Pittsburg Mercury** tells the following good ones:

Somewhere in the West, a sable knight of the lather and brush was performing the operation of shaving a boosier with a very dull razor.

"Stop!" said the boosier "that won't do."

"What's the matter boss?"

"That razor will do no good."

"Well, you're right, but I can't change the razor, it's the razor boss."

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### Free Presbyterian Church.

**Declaration and Testimony of the Free Presbyterian Church of the United States against the Fugitive Slave Law.**

The synod of the Free Presbyterian Church of the United States assembled at Ripley, Ohio, in the month of April, 1851, deem it their duty to make and publish the following declaration and testimony in regard to the enactment of the late National Congress, known as the "Fugitive Slave Law."

The bill which passed the two Houses of Congress, and received the signature of the President of the United States, on the 18th of September, and which is now known and in force as the Fugitive Slave Law, is in the judgment of this Synod, a high-handed outrage against Heaven, and a fearful outrage of our national downfall.

This law makes the love of liberty, which the Creator has kindled up on the altar of every man's heart, a crime, and punishes the indulgence of it with chains and servitude.

It rejects and repudiates all those common life principles of evidence, which have been ratified by the wisdom of past ages, and which were intended to throw the shield of protection, over the sacred rights of man.

It denies to those who have escaped from a worse than Egyptian, Roman, or Algonquian bondage, the right of trial by jury and the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*—constitutional guarantees which protect even the thief and the murderer.

It makes obedience to the Gospel a criminal offence, and forbids us to give food to the hungry, clothing to the naked, and shelter to the weary.

The voice of nature, as well as the law of God, calls upon us to sympathize with the fugitive, and assist him in his flight from the prison-house of bondage. But this law would transform us into monsters of cruelty and commands us, under heavy penalties, to bar his way, to load him with irons, and to thrust him back into a condition more dreadful than death itself.

It holds out pecuniary inducements and offers legal facilities to wicked men, to drag freemen from their homes and families, and consign them to hopeless bondage.

It destroys that sense of personal security, which every honest man has a right to feel; and even we ourselves, who received the birthright of our liberties immediately from God, now hold them only at the mercy of legalized man-stealers."

It commands us, under the threatening of fine and imprisonment, to take part in arresting those who may be the redeemed children of God, charged with no crime, and forcing them back into a condition of heathenism and moral disability, where it is impossible for them to obey the precepts of the Gospel and live the lives of consistent Christians, and thus prepare for the eternal world.

Such being some of the prominent characteristics of the Fugitive Slave Law, we, the ministers and ruling elders composing this synod, in faithfulness to Almighty God and the Government of the United States, do bear our solemn testimony against the same, as utterly opposed to the law of God; as abhorrent to humanity and the civilization of the age—as entirely at variance with the spirit and precepts of the Gospel of Jesus Christ—as dangerous to the liberties of the people, and therefore as null and void, and of no binding force upon the conscience.

We declare and testify before God and the Government of the United States that we cannot, and will not, render obedience to this inhuman enactment, preferring infinitely to suffer its unrighteous penalties rather than to comply with its requisitions, and thus become guilty of treason against God and humanity.

We testify against the conduct of those professing ministers of the Gospel, in this country, who have publicly and in the name of religion justified this wicked law, and called upon the people to take part in its execution. We believe that such men are either knowingly or ignorantly tearing up the foundations of the church of God, opening the door to the entrance of infidelity, and preparing the way for a baptism of blood.

We testify against and declare increasing hostility to the system of American slavery, which has not only enslaved the Government of the country, and dictated its public policy, but which has also subjugated the church, filled the hearts of many of her ministers with cowardice and treason, scared the consciences, and blinded the eyes of a majority of her members, and carried her far on the downward road to entire apostasy.

And that this declaration and testimony may be really as well as legally, the act of the Free Presbyterian church of the United States, we recommend that the pastors, stated supplies and sessions of vacant churches cause the same to be read from the pulpit on the Lord's day, and that our people be then called upon solemnly to express their adherence thereto in such a manner as may be deemed proper.

We moreover recommend that *hush* be put on the lips of the members of the church, and that they be exhorted to keep the same in their hearts, and to be ready to give account of them to the Lord at the day of judgment.

And in the great struggle in which we are engaged, of vindicating the religion of Jesus Christ from the taint of American slavery, we authorize, and justify, all such

and system of American slavery, and its counterpart the Fugitive Slave Law, we extend the hand of confidence and fellowship to those other denominations of Christians in the United States, which have adopted our principles, and are aiming at the same object; and we express the earnest hope that the bonds which unite us together in this noble work may become stronger and stronger, until our real unity shall show itself to the world in our visible unity.

**Foot Voting with the Abolitionists.**—We publish on our first page, an extract from the scathing speech delivered by the Hon. J. J. McRae, in reply to Gen Foote, during the recent tour of the latter through South-East Mississippi. The votes of Gen Foote upon the bill for suppressing the slave trade in the District of Columbia—the act which Sumner and his confederates regarded "with so much satisfaction"—are shown to accord exactly with those of Seward, Hale, and all the other abolitionists in the Senate. We ask the voter to give the subject his attention. The facts cannot be disputed. They are quoted from the congressional record.

When Gen. Foote first went to Washington, he threatened to hang Hale if he should show himself in Mississippi, and his present supporters denounced him. At the last session he voted with Hale, and the abolitionists, united with the renegade democrats, and not only laid him to the skies but nominated him for Governor. Can a party which pursues such a course, and rallies under such a leader, be elevated to power in Mississippi, upon the overthrow of those who faithfully represented her interests and obeyed her instructions in the National Councils.—*Mississippi.*

**THE FIGHT IN ALABAMA.**—We see it noticed in the spirit of the South, that Mr. Benjamin Gardner, editor of the *Eufaula Shield*, and now a candidate for a seat in the Lower House of our State Legislature, announced his willingness to respond to a call of the General Government to coerce and put down South Carolina, should she attempt to secede from the Union. When the author of this infamous declaration and his friends will be ready to put his doctrines into execution by marching to that State, he will please inform us of the fact, as there are a few hereabouts that would accommodate him with a small bit of light, right there in Alabama. If this is the doctrine of the federal party, and this the manner in which they intend to carry it out in Alabama, then we say we considerably near a civil struggle, for the right of secession will be sustained by arms if necessary. If it is to come, the sooner the better. We are ready for the emergency. South Carolina nor any other State cannot be coerced or subjugated by federal bayonets without the bloodiest struggle the world has ever seen.

[*Advocate & Gazette.*]

**THE CHOLERA BELOW US.**—The Louisville papers of Tuesday morning bring us accounts of numerous cases of cholera. The Journal learned that the steamer Grand Turk and Pride of the West, towed from New Orleans to St. Louis, buried 50 passengers, nearly all emigrants, and but one of them cabin passengers. Their disease was cholera and ship fever.

The steamer Ohio, up yesterday, buried four deck passengers.

The Belle Key lost one passenger by cholera. His name was Anderson Chambers, a resident from Monroe county, Indiana.

The Journal says three or four cases had occurred in Louisville, one of them, Mr. Warner, chief clerk of the steamer Fanny Smith, who arrived from below on Friday.

Mr. W. was taken with the disease on Sunday evening, and breathed his last on Monday morning. He made a hearty dinner on Friday, eating vegetables and rhubarb pie.

The Courier learned from passengers by the Belle Key, that the cholera was prevailing at Paducah, and that all the hands but one, employed at a saw mill, had died.

[*Cincinnati Enquirer.*]

**"BETTER BE GREEN THAN ROTTEN."**—This reply was made by an honest lad just "out of the bushes," to a rakish "blood" who had twitted him of his verdancy. The reply was so apt and cutting that I shall never forget it. nor the look of the city loafer as he sneaked away. Ay, it is "better to be green than rotten"—better to be high-minded, truthful and generous, than corrupt to the core with mammon-worship and fashion-following. The green apple can grow ripe, and make the eyes bright and the mouth water with its noble size and delicious flavor, while the rotten apple is deservedly thrown where it will be nosed over with scorn by hungry swine.

**A GEORGIA EDITOR "BURSTED."**—An editor in Georgia, who has recently "bursted up," as he terms it, throws smartly over or upon the fact, that he did it with the honors of war. Although he admits that he retired from the field he saw that he did it with colors flying. A Sheriff's flag fluttered from two windows and the front door of his office.

**Francis Pige, of Indiana,** has run away from Mrs. Pige, and four little Piges. The Boston Post says he is a fug.

### The Crops.

Is Mississippi.—The Vicksburg Whig

of the 5th says:

"The weather is very warm and dry, and the crops in this country are suffering very much for want of rain, not having had any, with the exception of slight showers, for months past. Cotton is all clean and in fine order for growing when it receives a good shower—corn is very much injured by the drought, and much of it past recovery. We learn that Hinds county has had some showers during the past week, which will benefit the crops very much. One great difficulty experienced in this county is the want of rain sufficient to set out sweet potatoes. If we should lose this crop, it will be seriously felt."

The editor of the *Concordia Intelligencer* has been rusticated under a hot sun, visiting and enlousing Harrisonburg, the metropolis of the State of Cathoula—hobnobbing with the friends Graves, of the Southern Advocate, the sole standing expectant constituent of J. C. Fremont for the presidency—and surveying with delight indescribable the rich lands watered by the Tensas and Ouachita Rivers, noting, as he passed them, the stands of cotton and corn which the fields generally gave promise to yield. The cotton on the Tensas River he describes as not at all likely to gratify the hopes of the planters. And then, he proceeds:

"But oh, the corn! the corn! We saw broad fields *fired*, as if the bright flame had passed through them. Scorched, sere and yellow, like an October field, the crisp, husky leaves rattled in the wind, and the pale, sickly tassels, prematurely forced out by heat and drought, looked like despairing plumes on the harvest hier. 'Farewell, a long farewell,' to the crop this year!"

Is Louisiana.—The editor of the *Madison Journal*, usually and uncompromising resigned (to his fate) functionary, cannot contain himself on the hot subject of weather. He says on the 6th inst:

"If the heavens were of brass they could not be more unyielding. It is now nearly three months since this parish has been visited by rain sufficient to wet the ground. Corn is ruined, and cotton is suffering for want of it."

"Our planters are complaining of an insect that is injuring the cotton, resembling the common flea, though somewhat larger. It operates in the same way as the lice, but is more destructive."

"We observe that an insect of nearly the same character is working on the cotton in Cathoula."

MARYLAND.—The Eastern Shore (Md) papers speak of the crops as promising a large yield. The Centerville Times says:

"The Wheat continues to improve as well as the oats and grass. Should no disaster befall the wheat, rather more than an average crop will be made. The farmers are busily cultivating their corn, which is very small for the season."

In Kent county, the corn crop is growing finely. The News says:

"We have received several stalks of Mediterranean wheat from Dr. Fisher of the Lower District. One of the stalks measured six feet six inches in length."

FIRST IN THE FIELD.—We were shown on Tuesday, a fine cotton blossom, taken from the plantation of Dr. B. R. Jones. This, compared with the growth of the plant in forward seasons, could not be considered early; but for this season it is very early, and, indeed, the earliest that we have heard of. This blossom was of the species denominated the "California cotton." Let the doctor take the medal. [Montgomery (Ala.) Atlas, 5th inst.]

MAD DOGS.—We learn that several mad dogs have been killed in this vicinity during the past week. We know of three which have been killed in the immediate neighborhood within two or three days past. Prudence requires parents to have an eye to their children and not allow them to wander abroad. We know of nothing more dangerous than a mad dog. It is rare indeed for an individual to recover from the bite of a mad dog. Our town is alive with worthless noisy dogs.—*Florida.*

SEXTENTINAL MUSIC.—Two love sick swains down east, after one of those pauses which sometimes afflict Cupid's converts, held forth upon the following strain:

"I would give most any thing to hear Ole Bull," said Sally to her lover.

"Well," said Tom, "Dad's got an old bridle chap, and you can hear him beller almost any time."

Sally fainted.—*The Id.*

An anti-slavery convention commenced its sitting in Boston on the 27th ult. Edmund Quincy was elected President. Look out for equality.